

## The Evening World

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## LINE THEM UP.

**D**YNAMITERS prepared to blow up vessels sailing from American ports or ready to mine anything on these shores in the interest of Germany, prove whom caught to be plentifully supplied with money.

Where does it come from?

Lieut. Robert Fay, bomb attaché, admits that he spent \$20,000 out of sums advanced to him by German-American sympathizers in this country.

Who are they?

Not long ago President Wilson said something about lining up men suspected of "thinking first of other countries." The President expressed his belief that in the months to come "every man will have to declare himself where he stands. Is it America first, or is it not?"

With those who advance money to dynamiters it is not. Get them promptly in line and let's see who they are.

A new high record in export trade, freight cars loaded to capacity and the likelihood of a labor famine! Excellent outlook for an abbreviated bread line.

## HARLEM CELEBRATES.

**T**O-MORROW NIGHT the Harlem Board of Commerce will hold a banquet to celebrate the linking of Harlem and the Bronx. As a result of the Board's efforts the city has granted a franchise under which Bronx cars will cross Willis Avenue Bridge and run via One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street to Fort Lee Ferry. By the 1st of next January the new line should be ready for use.

Mayor Mitchell and the Borough Presidents of Manhattan and the Bronx will be on hand to congratulate Harlemites upon this and other improvements which Harlem owes to its wide-awake Board of Commerce. Forty miles of additional street lighting in two years, increased train service on all three railroads, a new post office, a new steel pier at One Hundred and Thirty-first Street and the Hudson River, more surface cars with less noise, a Harlem traffic squad, new police stations, and a publicity campaign that rented scores of Harlem houses and apartments, are only a few of the achievements to the credit of the Board.

It is two hundred and thirty years or thereabouts since a couple of stout-legged Dutch missionaries—favorites of R. R. Wilson in his studies of old New York—left the Bowery one morning and proceeded, as related in their journal, "through the woods to New Harlem, a rather large village directly opposite the place where the northeast creek (Harlem River) and the East River come together, situated about three hours' journey from New Amsterdam, like as the old Harlem in Europe is situated about three hours' distance from the old Amsterdam." They found lodging in a house "filled with people, mostly drinking execrable rum." But the travellers admit they got also "the best cider we have tasted."

For two centuries Harlem grew sturdily but not rapidly—a snug town, in no hurry to be claimed by its pushing parent to the south. As late as 1830, Wilson reminds us, "the only passenger conveyance between the village and New York was by a stage which left the corner of Third Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street at 7 o'clock in the morning and reached Park Row shortly before 10 o'clock, starting on the return trip at 3 in the afternoon." Even in the fifties a visitor describes Harlem as still

clustered close to the river, well shaded with trees, most charmingly rural, and apparently impervious to change.

Not so impervious, it proved. Steam trains of the New York and Harlem Railway Company presently took people as far south as Thirty-second Street. Horse cars made their appearance. In the sixties and seventies, however, river steamers—many New Yorkers remember the fine old boats "Sylvan Dell," "Sylvan Grove," "Shady Side," "Morrisania"—were by far the pleasantest means of transportation for Harlem residents.

Then in 1880 came the elevated, and Harlem's "rural" days were definitely over. What has happened since everybody knows. Harlem, by charter of 1666 "a town within a city," has grown to be an integral and important part of the metropolitan development. By its enterprise, by its quick grasp of business opportunities, by its instinct for improvement, the later Harlem has identified itself more and more with the progress of New York as a whole. Yet it has kept both its individuality and its name. It is still a distinct and conscious civic centre.

Nor does its present Board of Commerce apparently mean to let Harlem get lost in the great city even while welcoming every link that binds it more closely to other sections.

## Hits From Sharp Wits.

Miladi says if it wasn't for mother the small boy's ears and neck would be two more dry pretexts.

Nobody loves a fat man, but the angels that count the hairs of the head must adore the bald-headed ones.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

A lot of us are self-dependent not so much because of their inherent ability as because of their overweening conceit.

Is a ship devoted exclusively to boys, nothing what might be termed a hardware store?—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Some married men are really happy, while there are others who just look pleasant in company.

Some women who wear expensive clothes and hats can afford it, while others simply have a good line of credit.—Macon News.

"I'm not sure about the horse, it may have to go," remarked the Man on the Car, "but nothing that is run by gasoline will ever take the place of the cow."—Toledo Blade.

## Letters From the People

**Living on \$6 a Week.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I am earning \$6 a week—as, no doubt, are many others; with no prospect of more. Say, I wonder if any of you people who read this understand the stinging deprivation and longing for the better things of life one undergoes to live on six a week? I pay \$2.50 a week for my room. I can't get a clean room in a good house for less. I have looked around

everywhere. Then I have the princely sum of \$2.50 for breakfast, lunch, dinner, shoes, clothes, stamps, stationery and toilet requisites for the week. I have just gotten so tired of it all that I wish I were a better bookkeeper, so that I could make a better balance than I do each week. It is horrible to think of a six dollar future. Some people will say in answer to this that if I were worth more I would get it. Are all the workers who get \$6 a week worth no more, readers?  
Y. A.

## Hunting Big Game

By J. H. Cassol



## The Woman Who Dared

By Dale Drummond

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## CHAPTER VIII.

**A**S I have said, I never had a dollar of my own to spend as my fancy dictated, although Hasskall was very wealthy. A woman friend of his once remarked to me: "How happy you must be. You have such a lovely home. Such beautiful clothes, and such wonderful jewels. Then you can travel and entertain as you please."

I was tempted to tell her the truth. But pride would not let me. I used to go about my few household duties with a feeling of indifference, of cold resentment. I told myself I did not care. I have since found that is what wives say when they believe that caring does no good.

One thing I determined. I would ask Hasskall boldly for money of my own.

"Hasskall," I began the next time he appeared in a good humor, "I want you to do something for me."

"Seems to me I do enough for you as it is. Don't you have everything a sensible woman could want?"

"Yes, everything. I want some money of my own. I feel the blood rush to my face. It is not easy to ask a man for money. I don't care how little it is, but please give me an allowance. I met that nice Mrs. Browne the other day and wanted to ask her to have tea, but I hadn't a cent. I can't accept courtesies from other women and not return them."

I waited anxiously for his reply. He looked angrily at me, then took a pen and piece of paper from his pocket and figured. When he spoke it was with a sneer.

"It's all nonsense. No woman needs money. You have your charge accounts; that should satisfy you. But to show how much I care for you, and how I trust you, I will give you two dollars a week, and from an immense roll of bills he finally took two \$1 bills and passed them to me.

My first impulse was to refuse to accept them. But then came the thought of how often even that amount would have saved me embarrassment, so I said nothing, but left the room.

"Not even a 'Thank you,' eh?" Hasskall called after me.

My eyes were smarting with tears that I would not let fall. I was quivering with indignation. I threw the money on my dressing table and sat long by the window trying to adjust my mind to the life that would endure such a condition. For the first time I wondered if it were such things as this that drove women to the divorce court. And also for the first time I dimly sensed the righteousness of their action. Had my husband been poor, had he been ungenerous in other ways, I should have not so keenly felt the insult. But I knew that fifty or a hundred dollars meant nothing to him when he wished to take his friends out to dine. And to give me two dollars as a weekly allowance! When I was a school girl father gave me that amount, often when he could ill afford it.

Neither of us mentioned the matter again, but every Monday morning Hasskall, with a covert sneer, threw two dollars on my dressing

## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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**I**T being near the end of the month, Mr. Jarr had been kept late at the office working on the books. He brought home no place for hats. I'm glad Mr. Jarr took it off the piano and play with it."

Just then the doorbell rang.

"Oh, dear," cried Mrs. Jarr. "There he is back again. Say I have gone to bed. I suppose he forgot his gloves or something. Well, whatever it is, you and he can look for it," and she was preparing to beat retreat when Mr. Jarr looked over the land-lord and deserted one of the inverted flower pot felt hats that young men who would be in the fashion are wearing now.

"Why, it's Jack Silver!"

Mrs. Jarr hurriedly took off her apron, glanced in the small mirror in the hall to see if she looked presentable as to coiffure and complexion. Seeing that she was, she brushed past Mr. Jarr and welcomed the well-to-do young bachelor with hospitable cries of glad surprise.

"Excuse the lateness of the call, Mrs. Jarr," remarked Mr. Silver. "But I was in the neighborhood and I thought I would drop in."

"It was about time you came to see us," said Mrs. Jarr. "And I had the nicest young lady visiting me last week, whom I wanted you to meet."

"No nice girl would have me," Mr. Silver declared. "I'm too cranky. Besides, Mr. Jarr got the only girl that I would have been happy with—I'd say more, but I don't wish to make him jealous."

Mrs. Jarr beamed and insisted on Mr. Silver smoking (and right in the front room under her lace curtains too), while she bustled out and got ice, a siphon and a bottle of Scotch. Mr. Jarr gazed bewildered. When Jenkins and he had been talking war and Wall Street and Mr. Jarr had asked if there was "anything in the house" Mrs. Jarr had replied that there was not.

"Ah," purred the hypocritical bachelor, as he settled himself back with his cigar and highball, "this is something like living! This is comfort! This is a home. Only a poor old bachelor can appreciate the ministering comforts of a good wife."

Mrs. Jarr sighed as though to indicate that she wished Mr. Jarr realized the blessings he had, that were so apparent to a stranger.

As for Mr. Jarr, it was on the tip of his tongue to ask Silver why, if he appreciated domestic happiness so much, he yet remained in single blessedness. But he did not. He murmured "Bunk!" under his breath

## Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

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**"INDIGNATION"** is just another word for the thrill a girl feels when she is kissed against her will.

The walls of Hades are papered with get-rich-quick advertisements, Monte Carlo "systems," unreceipted bills, marriage announcements and neatly embossed decrees of divorce.

When a man meets an alluring temptation he reflects that his wife forgot to put the studs in his shirt or that his mother-in-law talks too much and then decides that he has been "driven to it."

Many a man who is too skeptical to believe in the parable of the loaves and fishes will walk cheerfully into matrimony, believing that he is going to turn a butterfly into a grub.

The average girl is such a "work of art" nowadays that you half expect to see a "Sold" sign hanging around her neck.

A man will conscientiously pray for immortality on Sunday morning—and then tume around, wondering how he will kill time for the rest of the day.

A "sweet old-fashioned woman" is one who has reached the double chin stage, but still believes in the double moral standard and alms when a man steps from the straight and narrow path: "Well, my dear, no doubt some WOMAN was to blame!"

The novelist who makes his lovers marry and "live happily ever after" has certainly improved on Providence.

Motto for a married man's day: "Others love your wife, why not YOU?"

## 20 Reasons Why You Should Vote for Woman Suffrage

**T**HE Evening World is printing a series of twenty editorials written by the most prominent women suffragists giving twenty most appealing reasons for woman suffrage. An editorial will appear in each issue up to Election Day, each editorial emphasizing one particular argument.

## Reason 14—BECAUSE IT WILL INCREASE THE INTELLIGENT VOTE.

By Katherine Bement Davis.

**F**IFTY years ago, when Vassar College opened for the higher education of women, the arguments used against such education read almost word for word as do the arguments used now against suffrage. Women are rapidly coming to be the better educated class. Witness the large proportion of girls graduating each year from our high schools and the thousands of young women who each year leave the colleges and universities of the country.

So far as educational qualifications go there can be no comparison between the negro at the time of his enfranchisement and women of today. The entrance of women into all branches of professional and business life has given them a training and experience in practical matters far in excess of that possessed by the negro. The same thing holds true of ownership of property and the payment of taxes.

As to the moral qualifications it is only necessary to point out that of 80,000 individuals cared for in the Department of Correction last year, mostly for minor violations of the law, only 16 per cent. were women, and even a smaller percentage of the population of our State prisons and reformatories are women.

Women's ability to organize and act together has been amply demonstrated by the magnificent work of the Woman's Suffrage Party. On boards of managers of State and private institutions for humanitarian purposes in all the fields of social service work women have demonstrated their ability. To give the vote to women will increase proportionately the non-criminal vote, the intelligent and the moral vote.

No other group of citizens which was ever enfranchised has ever compared in ability to use the vote at the time of their enfranchisement with the women now appealing for full rights of citizenship.

## Arguments Against Suffrage By the Opposition Leaders

## Reason 9—WOMEN COULD NOT ENFORCE LAWS IF THEY MADE THEM.

By Molly Elliott Seawell.

**N**O electorate has ever existed, or ever can exist, which cannot execute its own laws.

Under the Government of the United States, the normal voter must have two qualifications. First, he must, except in occasional individual instances, be physically able to make his way to the polls, against opposition if necessary; and, second, he must be able to carry out by force the effect of his ballot. Law consists of a series of thou-shalt-nots, but government does not result until an armed man stands ready to execute the law. Force converts law into government. In civilized countries there are three methods of converting law into government—fine or compensation, imprisonment and death. For all of these, physical force is necessary. To create an electorate unable to use physical force is not, as the Suffragists seem to think, merely doubling the present electorate. It means pulling out the underpinning, which is force, from every form of government the world has yet known.

The Suffragists claim that the moral forces ought to supplant mere physical force. But the law is made for the lawbreaker, who always uses physical force. If a burglar equipped with a dark lantern and a jimmy breaks into the house of a Suffragist, she does not rely on any moral force to get him out. She calls on the nearest policeman, and her sole dependence is physical force to sustain the law.

## Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett.

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**H**OW THIS ARCHITECT GOT HIS START.

SK any man in my profession what line he intends his son to follow," said a prominent architect, "and he'll promptly exclaim: 'Any profession but architecture!'"

There is room for enterprise in architecture as much as in any mercantile business. But most architects, like the members of other professions, are poor business men. Here is how I got my start.

After graduating from college I worked for three or four years for a big Eastern architectural firm. I worked not only in the draughting room but also spent a good deal of time out on the construction jobs.

As the West was booming at that time, I finally concluded to pull up stakes and grow up with the country. So I boarded a train for the Pacific Coast and dropped off at a bustling city of about 200,000 population. I joined the local architects' association, hired an office and hung out my shingle. At the end of thirty days not a client had appeared.

"If the business won't come to me, I've got to go to the business," I resolved. I went to find it. Records of realty transfers—there's the answer," was my conclusion. "Surely a sizable percentage of realty sales means either the construction of new buildings or the remodeling of old."

"Data regarding realty transfers were easily accessible. I immediately forsook the office and, armed with letters from the local realtors, began to call upon the recent purchasers of realty. I found that 50 per cent. of the transfers offered a field for the architect's endeavors. Of this 50 per cent., for one reason or another, only about a half represented real prospects for me. But this percentage was sufficient for my purpose.

"Within thirty days I was hard at work. My first jobs were small residences. Then came a small manufacturing plant. More residences; a suburban business block; an expensive country mansion and finally an office building. Within two years I had a big draughting room force and was making money.

"But I might have sat in my office for twenty years and never landed a client."

## Making a Hit

By Alma Woodward

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**I**N Treating a Grouch.

(It is too bad that some one doesn't leave a fortune to be wasted in research work on the cause and cure of that most universal of ailments. If other medical statistics it would be found that its prevalence is limited to no caste or class—it is universal. The following advice is on the treatment of that most universal of ailments—Friend Husband's.)

**F**IRST. The art of treating grouches depends greatly on discovering their existence at the psychological moment. Just as a blossom prematurely plucked never attains its full glory and one plucked when overblown falls too soon—so a grouch yields to treatment only at the critical instant. Therefore, develop a grouch-sense and recognize its symptoms.

2. When boiled down there are but five ways of treatment: I. Indifference. II. Denial. III. Humility. IV. Affection. V. Force. III is required in fitting the right treatment to the particular grouch, but for argument's sake we will take up one that requires all treatments before it yields.

**I**NDIFFERENCE—Sensing of the storm signals, take no notice—audible, visible or tangible. Become intensely interested in something neutral. Be just the happiest little thing ever! Even hum. When he slams and took another highball.

After the second cue of the evening had departed, and after Mrs. Jarr had helped the second guest on with his coat and had entreated him not to be such a stranger, Mr. Jarr summoned up courage enough to ask why bachelors and widowers were always so interesting to married ladies

as well as to single ones. "You did not treat Jenkins that way," he added. "Is it because married ladies think they may be 'wid-ows'?"

"The ideal!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "The very ideal!"

"That's just what I say," replied Mr. Jarr. "The very ideal!"